

1487 cc 13
THE

Siege of AQUILEIA.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

— Me non oracula certum,
Sed mors certa facit, pavidō, fortique cadendum est :
Hoc satis est dixisse Jovem.

LUCAN.

DUBLIN:

Printed for G. and A. EWING in *Damie-street.*

MDCCLX.

THE

SHOOTING OF A GUILTY

T-R-A-G-E-D-Y



THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE

— The non official version
of the most famous play, for the celebration of
the 50th anniversary of the Theatre Royal

1858

DUBLIN

Printed by G. & J. A. Smith in Dublin

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

WHEN Philip's son led forth his warlike band,
To die, or conquer, in a distant land;
To fan the fire, a martial muse he chose;
From Homer's song a new Achilles rose!
When generous Athens her prime trophies won,
Vanquish'd Darius, and Darius' son,
The stage breath'd war—the soldiers bosom burn'd,
And fiercer to the field each chief return'd:
Now, when the world resounds with loud alarms,
When victory sits plan'd on Britain's arms,
Be war our theme: the hero's glorious toil,
And virtue springing from the iron soil!
Our scenes present a siege in story known;
Where magnanimity, and valour shone:
If nature guides us, if the hand of truth
Draws the just portrait of a Roman youth,
Who, with the best and noblest passions fir'd,
In the same moment, conquer'd and expir'd;
Perhaps your hearts may own the pictur'd woe,
And from a sonder source your sorrows flow:
Whilst warm remembrance aids the poet's strain,
And England weeps for English heroes slain.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

ÆMILIUS, { Consul of Rome,
and Governor } Mr. GARRICK.
of Aquileia. }

PAULUS, { Sons of the Consul. } Mr. AUSTIN.
TITUS, { Mr. HOLLAND

VARUS, { Officers in the } Mr. DAVIES.
DUMNORIX, { Army of } Mr. BRANSBY.
MAXIMIN. }

GARTHA, { a Numidian Officer
in the Troops of } Mr. SCRASE.
ÆMILIUS. }

Priest of JUPITER, Mr. BURTON.

LUCIUS, a Freedman. Mr. PACKER.

OFFICER, a Messenger. Mr. ACKMAN.

W O M E N.

CORNELIA, Wife to the Consul. Mrs. CIBBER.





THE
Siege of AQUILEIA.
A
TRAGEDY.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

The Palace Court.

Enter PAULUS and TITUS.

THIS is no time to strive for vain renown.
The fate of Rome, remember that, my brother !
Depends on the defence of Aquileia.

TITUS.

PAULUS, I know:

PAULUS.

But thou dost not consider
Th' importance of this war. We fight not now,

As oft since Freedom fell our fathers fought,
 When Latian chiefs contended who should reign,
 With half the senate list'd on each side;
 The victor still was Roman, and rever'd
 The gods and temples of immortal Rome.
 But o'er yon mighty host, that girds our walls,
 Fierce MAXIMIN commands: whether of Thrace,
 Or wild Dalmatia, so obscure his birth,
 Himself scarce knows; but sure Barbarian born.
 This savage soldier, nurs'd in blood and war,
 Whom military frenzy hath set up
 To trample on mankind, abhors a Roman;
 And marks for death the noble and the brave.
 His yoke, at last, th' indignant senate scorns,
 The slumb'ring Genius of our country wakes,
 And rouses slothful Italy to arms.

The furious tyrant from the frontier hastes,
 Like a wild beast gall'd by the hunter's spear,
 And, breathing vengeance, rushes upon Rome:
 Here first oppos'd, tenfold his fury burns;
 Here, in the pass of fate, our father stands,
 Defies and stops the monster in his rage,
 Till Rome's last legions come to give him battle.
 Now, when a soldier's life is of such moment,
 When destiny hangs on a single day,
 To fight for glory, TITUS, were a crime.

TITUS.

No, PAULUS, no! it is not fame alone
 That TITUS seeks to purchase from the foe;
 Tho' such a crime the gods and men would pardon.
 I know the peril that o'er Rome impends,
 And know the hated cause of all our ills,
 That army, only brave against their country,
 I mean to smite them, and their giant leader,
 Whom nature for a gladiator form'd,
 To be the sport, and not the lord, of Rome.
 The blow once struck, our foe must raise the siege,
 Or waste his veterans in vain attacks,
 And give to GORDIANUS easy conquest.

PAULUS.

Were this a frontier city far from Rome,

And

A T R A G E D Y.

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And yon huge host compos'd of foes remote,
German, or Parthian ; I would say to thee,
Lead on, my brother ! Shield to shield we'd go,
And fire yon turret, or together perish.
But now when conquest by delay is gain'd,
When Aquileia guards the walls of Rome,
Dread of the great event has so possess'd me,
That, like the Persian soldier, I could stay
My arm uplifted, patient to the call
Of cautious Duty.

TITUS.

And renouncing fame ?

Oh ! PAULUS ! you have gain'd long since the prize
That I contend for. Every martial palm
Thy sword hath won. When I, like thee, am great
In deeds of arms, like thee I may be wary.
Now to my brother I lay bare my breast :
This famous siege approaches to its end ;
Whatever end the ruling gods ordain,
Yet no distinguish'd action graces me.
I've done my duty. That I reckon nothing ;
The meanest soldier has not shrunk from duty ;
Son of ÆMILIUS, and thy brother, PAULUS !
I must do more, and by the gods I will !
Here I have found a path that leads to glory ;
Do not oppose me, else — we're friends no more. —
Our father comes. Speak not against my purpose,
And I shall move the consul's noble mind.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

ÆMILIUS.

Health to my sons !

PAULUS and TITUS.

Heaven guard our father's life !

ÆMILIUS.

And bless my children ! ha ! your looks are keen.
Your's chiefly, TITUS ! what hath stirr'd your spirit ?
How points the enemy ? This quiet night,
In preparation past, portends a storm.

PAULUS.

On that attack which threatens the eastern gate

The

The enemy hath labour'd all night long,
Repairing what the river's rage had ruin'd.

ÆMILIUS.

It was a friendly flood. The river god
With all his waters guards his native walls ;
On that strong quarter they can ne'er prevail.
The north I fear, where yon stupendous tower
Our works commands.

TITUS.

It shall not long command,
Let but the consul grant me my desire.

ÆMILIUS.

What would my son ?

TITUS.

Their tower is weakly guarded.
At break of day, a soldier from yon camp
Fled to my post ; hollow and gaunt he was ;
His shrivell'd limbs scarce bore his sounding arms.
Like him, he said, with toil and famine worn,
Were half the tyrant's host. For MAXIMIN,
Mad with delay, and fiercer from repulse,
Reviles his soldiers, drives them to the trench
With whips and sharp reproach. This day, o'ercome
By strong necessity, he breathes a while,
And sends his legions forth, to gather in
Whatever this exhausted region yields.
I saw the busy foragers in troops
March, and disperse themselves on every side,
Like playful children on a summer day,
Secure and careless ; for no martial band
Of late hath sallied from our guarded gates.
This is the time. Permit me, O my father !
Now to attack their ill defended lines,
And fire that mighty tower in which they trust.

ÆMILIUS.

Well hast thou spoke, my son ! thy zeal I love,
Nor must thy skill and judgment pass unprais'd.
Be thus attentive still, and trust me, TITUS,
In future sieges, and in other wars,
Swift execution shall thy purpose honour.

TITUS.

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TITUS.

Ne'er shall I see another siege like this,
Ne'er draw my sword in such a glorious cause.
Alas! my lord! check not my spring of thought,
Nor nip the only bud it yet has borne.

ÆMILIUS.

Riper occasions will thy valour claim.
Danger comes on; Typhæus-like it comes,
Whose fabled stature every hour increas'd.

TITUS.

O! judge not of the counsel by the weight
Of him that gives it. Would to heaven, my lord!
That I could now divest me of that youth
Which mars my credit. Cheerfully I'd step
Far into age, to gain but for a day
The grave authority which years bestow.

PAULUS.

What brings the brave Numidian GARTHA hither?

Enter GARTHA.

GARTHA.

Hail to the general!

ÆMILIUS.

Hail, valiant GARTHA.

How has the morning past where you command?

GARTHA.

It has been busy. The presumptuous foe
In loose disorder'd squadrons rang'd the fields.
I watch'd the time; and sudden as the blast
That rises in the desert, out we rush'd
And swept them from the plain. Safe in our speed
We urg'd the chace far as the rising ground,
And unmolested view'd the camp below.
This worthy of your notice I observ'd,
Their wond'rous tower, the work of many a day,
Stands now protected by a feeble guard.

TITUS.

Thanks for thy welcome tidings, noble GARTHA!
The guardian gods of Rome bend from their skies,
And point this action out. Hear me, my father!

If

If ever since my birth I gave thee joy,
 If e'er thou did'st, as parents oft are wont,
 Interpret large the promise of my childhood,
 O hear and grant my chief and dear request!
 Let me go forth : be this my first exploit,
 To wrap in fire the tyrant's boasted tower ;
 That Rome, who glories in the Æmilian line,
 May join your TITUS to his kindred names!

ÆMILIUS.

In thee the spirit of thy fathers speak,
 Or some superior power thy bosom fires,
 Whom I oppose no more. Go, and fulfil
 Thy destiny. Brave GARTHA too shall add
 His troops to thine. Prepare what else —

TITUS.

'Tis done.

Destructive instruments and balls of fire
 Are ready at the gate.

ÆMILIUS.

Farewel, my son!

If you prevail, urge not too far your fortune.
 Remember still my words ; that when we meet,
 I may have cause to praise thy conduct then,
 As now thy courage, TITUS.

TITUS.

GARTHA, come!

[*Exeunt TITUS and GARTHA.*]

ÆMILIUS.

PAULUS, lead thou thy legion to the gate,
 And favour their retreat. It may be needful ;
 But mix not in the fight, for mighty cities
 Have been by such temerity surpriz'd.

PAULUS.

Would there was no Roman breast more prone
 To rash attempts, than mine ! I wish, my lord,
 That I had led, and TITUS had sustain'd me.

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER.

Consul of Rome ! this arrow, thus inscrib'd,

Fell

A T R A G E D Y.

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Fell on the green slop'd bank fast by my post ;
And as it bears your name, myself have brought it.

[ÆMILIUS reads.]

“ In three days hence, even with the ides of June,

“ The Roman army comes to your relief.

“ Be sparing of your troops ; protract the siege ;

“ Thou art the shield of Rome and GORDIANUS.”

ÆMILIUS.

Soldier, return, and publish to the légions

The welcome tidings of a near relief.

OFFICER.

Gladly, my lord. Much have the troops endur'd,

And with unshaken constancy they suffer.

[Exit OFFICER.]

PAULUS.

Had this advice arriv'd ere TITUS went,

I think he hardly had obtain'd permission.

Tho' MAXIMIN should raise an hundred towers,

And, like the Giants when they warr'd with Jove,

Pile mountains on each other, high as heaven,

For three short days his fury we may scorn.

ÆMILIUS.

Go, and prevent the sally. Tell thy brother,

What the imperial mandate here contains.

It is the emperor's command recalls him.

PAULUS.

With pleasure I obey.

[Exit PAULUS.]

ÆMILIUS alone.

I must reserve

My sons, my soldiers, for a nobler service,

And in the battle aid the Roman arms.

The hour approaches that must give to Rome

A legal lord, by her own suffrage chosen,

Or fix a barb'rous master o'er mankind,

That barb'rous master I shall never own.

If I could stoop to drag the servile chain,

And live the vassal of a vile Dalmatian,

Yet I could not conceal me in the croud

Of prostrate Romans ; I that stood aloft,

And bore thro' Italy the senate's standard.

Fast

Fast by that standard will I plant my foot,
There with my boys a glorious conquest gain,
Or end at once the long Æmilian line.

[*CORNELIA appears.*]

Behold the only object that can shake
One moment my resolve! What will become
Of thee, *CORNELIA*! doom'd perhaps to live,
Like *PRIAM*'s wretched queen, the slave of those
By whom her sons, her husband, country fell.

Enter CORNELIA and PRIEST.

CORNELIA.

Why is my lord alone? Where are my sons?

ÆMILIUS.

This day, *CORNELIA*, brings us welcome tidings,
The Emperor approaches with his host.

CORNELIA.

Thanks to the gods! But say, where are my children?

ÆMILIA.

This instant I expect them to return.

CORNELIA.

From whence, *ÆMILIUS*?

ÆMILIUS.

From the northern gate.

TITUS had form'd a brave, a great design;
But when assurance of relief arriv'd,
My *PAULUS* hasten'd to recal his brother.

CORNELIA.

'Tis as I fear'd. *PAULUS* will come too late.
The omens of the gods must be fulfill'd.

ÆMILIUS.

What evil omens has *CORNELIA* seen?

CORNELIA.

'Tis strange to tell; but as I slumb'ring lay,
About that hour when glad *Aurora* springs,
To chace the lagging shades, methought I was
In *Rome*, and full of peace the city seem'd.
My mind oblivious too had lost its care.

Serene

Serene I step'd along the lofty hall,
 Imbellish'd with the statues of our fathers,
 When suddenly an universal groan
 Issued at once from every marble breast.
 Aghast I gaz'd around! when slowly down
 From their high pedestals I saw descend
 The murder'd **GRÆCHI**. Hand in hand, the brothers
 Stalk'd towards me. As they approach'd more near,
 They were no more the **GRÆCHI**, but my sons
PAULUS and **TITUS**. At that dreadful change
 I shriek'd and wak'd. But never from my mind
 The spectacle shall part. Their rueful eyes!
 Their cheeks of stone! the look of death and woe!
 So strange a vision ne'er from fancy rose.
 The rest, my lord! this holy Priest can tell.

ÆMILIUS.

Why this is nothing but a common dream;
 For often when the waking mind is charg'd
 With apprehension of uncertain ills,
 Imagination, in the hour of rest,
 Presenteth wild fantastic combinations,
 That have a shade and tincture of the past:
 But 'tis the weakness of the human mind
 That joins the vain assemblage to futurity.

PRIEST.

Men reason thus, my lord! who think their reason
 Can grasp and measure all; presumptuous thought!
 Sounds more than human have been often heard,
 And shapes celestial seen, by mortal man;
 But yet most frequent in the silent night
 Are warnings given by strange portentuous dreams.
 The history of mighty Rome abounds
 In awful instances. The old republic
 By them has oft been sway'd, and oft preserv'd.

ÆMILIUS.

But tell me, Priest of **JOVE**! what do the gods
 By their more certain omens now declare?

PRIEST.

Consul! with the most venerable rites
 That our religion knows, I have perform'd

B

A sacri-

A sacrifice to Capitolian Jove,
 This pious matron present: never yet
 Since at the altars of the gods I stood
 Did I behold such omens of calamity.
 Yet they were intricate, ambiguous, dark;
 And tho' some parts I might interpret fair,
 Even these were mix'd and full of dire perplexity.
 No further can I see into the cloud,
 That veils the will of heaven; but this I say,
 And by the scepter of the god I serve
 It is the truth: Some dreadful danger hangs
 O'er thee thyself, this city, or thy race. *(Shout.)*

CORNELIA.

Ha! what means that shout?

ÆMILIUS.

It is a joyful shout.

Behold the cause: see where that dusky smoke
 Darkens the air. And now the flame bursts out;
 Their turret blazes, and my TITUS conquers.

CORNELIA.

O heaven and earth! O son too well belov'd!
 Why do these cruel omens check my joy?

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER.

Consul! your valiant son hath fir'd the tower;
 But whilst he urg'd too far the flying foe,
 A band, that lay conceal'd beyond the height,
 Has gain'd the plain between him and the city.

ÆMILIUS.

O rashly brave! whom I forewarn'd in vain.
 Retire, CORNELIA, yet he may be rescu'd.
 LUCIUS.

Enter

Enter another OFFICER.

LUCIUS.

The northern gate unguarded stands:
For when brave PAULUS saw his brother's peril,
He with his legion rush'd upon the foe,
And furious is the fight.

CORNELIA.

Both, both are lost!

ÆMILIUS.

Unhappy youths! My steady PAULUS too!
Where is our discipline, obedience where?—
I have no leisure now for words, CORNELIA!
Implore the gods to guard you and your children.
[Exit with his attendants.]

Manent CORNELIA, and PRIEST.

CORNELIA.

Perhaps ere this CORNELIA has no children!
They both are fallen into the fatal snare.
Tremendous oracle! too late reveal'd.

PRIEST.

Abandon not thy soul to such despair;
The sword of war, devouring as it is,
Consumes not all. The destin'd number die,
And from the bloodiest field still some return.

CORNELIA.

My sons will ne'er return, I know them well.
The noble heart of TITUS, if he lives,
This instant swells with grief, and pride, and shame.
Will he, the author of this fatal combat,
Forsake the soldiers whom he led to slaughter;
Return discomfited, and sav'd by flight,
To bear reproach, and blush in Aquileia?
He will not, holy Flamen! Nor will PAULUS:
Calm as he is, and master of himself,

My generous PAULUS will not leave his brother.
 Alas! I never shall behold them more.
 This is the evil that the gods foretold.
 Ye constant matrons of Rome's former days!
 Alas! I have no fortitude like yours.
 Mine were no publick cares. In the mild shade
 Of sweet domestic happiness I liv'd,
 Till this fierce tempest rose, the storm of war,
 Whose rage hath burst on the Æmilian race.

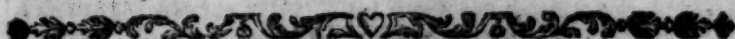
PRIEST.

Lady, retire. I to the walls will go,
 And learn what has befallen. Remember thou,
 How oft, in human life, the great conclusion
 Of fear'd and wish'd events mocks all conjecture.

Exeunt.

End of the first Act.

A C T.



A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter PRIEST.

PRIEST.

TOO soon thy omens are accomplish'd, Jove!
O wretched parents! O devoted race!

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

CORNELIA comes, impatient of thy stay.

PRIEST.

How shall my tongue perform a faithful office,
And tell CORNELIA what my eyes beheld?
Her sons I saw surrounded by the foe;
And their small troops seem'd like a bank of sand,
Which, by the flowing tide encompass'd round,
Each moment waites and lessens to the view.
Their wretched father saw, and could not save them.
For full oppos'd to him the tyrant stood
With half his host embattled. Thrice ÆMILIUS
Came to the front of his remaining troops,
As if he meant to rush upon the foe,
And thrice the consul pull'd the father back:
Then looking down and leaning on his sword,
The tears fast trickling down the warrior's cheeks,
He paus'd a while, and turn'd him to the city.

B 3

Enter

Enter CORNELIA.

CORNELIA.

Thou bring'st no comfort! Terror and dismay
Are written on thy brow! Haste, tell me, Flamen.

PRIEST.

Behold a soldier, bleeding from the field.

Enter GARTHA wounded.

CORNELIA.

'Tis the Numidian chief!

GARTHA.

Lady, these wounds,

Which bleed to death, make GARTHA not ashamed
That he alone revisits Aquileia.

Involuntary messenger am I

Of tidings harsh to tell. My fiery steed,

Gall'd with an arrow, bore me from the plain,

Where still your valiant sons maintain the fight,

And with amazing actions fate suspend.

The boldest soldiers of the tyrant's host

Shrink from their rage. Lady, I speak with pain.

This to the consul, I advis'd the sally,

And fell into the ambush. I rejoice

That I shall not survive it.

PRIEST.

Help! he faints.

GARTHA.

Oh would I had fallen at the feet of TITUS!

[Enter Attendants.]

PRIEST.

Support, and bear him hence.

CORNELIA.

O generous GARTHA!

Too dearly hast thou prov'd thy constant faith.

[Exit GARTHA supported.]

No

No more I hear the shouts of distant war,
 'Tis horrid silence all. The work of death
 Is over; doubt and fear are at an end.
 Now certain anguish and despair prevail.

Enter ÆMILIUS attended.

My husband!

ÆMILIUS.

Oh! CORNELIA! wretched dame!
 Look not to me; I bring no consolation,
 I cannot comfort thee. I could not save
 My children from destruction. Rigid duty
 Made me spectator of their overthrow.
 O fatal ensigns of unhappy power!
 O had ÆMILIUS been a poor Centurion,
 He might unheeded have forsook his station,
 And perish'd with his children.

CORNELIA.

They are dead.

PAULUS and TITUS dead. Their mother lives!
 Ye all directing gods, whom we adore,
 Whom I with spotless hands have ever serv'd,
 Is misery like this my just reward?
 Your dearest gifts are to destruction turn'd.
 Had I not been the fond, the happy mother
 Of sons, for whom all mothers envy'd me,
 I had not been above all women wretched.

PRIEST.

Great are thy woes, CORNELIA, great indeed!
 Yet not unfrequent in this changeful world
 Are woes like thine; and greater still than thine.
 The famous matron of thy name and blood,
 The first CORNELIA, saw her godlike sons
 In Rome betray'd, and slain by Roman hands.
 And oft in every age have wretched mothers
 Surviv'd their families', their country's ruin,
 And liv'd sad captives in a foreign land:
 No kindred ear to hear, no eye to weep
 In pity of their woes: no human face
 For them to look on, but the hateful face

Of

Of foes, who made them childless, widows, slaves.
 To thee remain thy husband, and thy country,
 In whose defence thy sons so greatly died.
 Thee Rome shall honour, and revere in thee
 The sacred memory of her heroes slain.

ÆMILIUS.

It is the right, the birthright, of our house,
 For Rome to die: in every signal strife,
 In every struggling period of the state,
 My fires have bled. My sons have chose their time;
 Bravely they fought, and nobly were they slain.
 Rome still shall stand, tho' the ÆMILII fall.
 The tyrant's works are levell'd with the ground,
 And his proud tower yet smokes upon the plain.
 Our ramparts now his fierce assaults defy;
 The Roman army, like a gather'd storm,
 Rolls towards him. My sons shall be reveng'd;
 My eyes shall see, my sword shall share, the vengeance.

CORNELIA.

Mean while, unburied on the bloody field,
 Amidst the common heap, my children lie.
 Majestic PAULUS, and my lovely TITUS,
 Is this the end of all your mother's care?
 Some fierce barbarian now insults the dead;
 Adding dithonest wounds. O! might not gold
 Their dear remains redeem? Alas! alas!
 'Tis the sole consolation I can hope for,
 To save them from the beasts and birds of prey,
 That howl and scream around these fatal walls.
 To fold once more their bodies in my arms;
 To lay them decent on the funeral pile,
 And o'er their ashes pour a parent's heart.

ÆMILIUS.

Mindful of that sad duty, I sent forth
 A herald to the tyrant, and expect
 Each moment his return. The trumpet sounds.

[Enter Herald, with an Officer of MAXIMIN'S.

'Tis he, and with him one whose lofty port,
 And splendid arms, bespeak his high command.

CORNELIA.

Forgive, O chief unknown, a mother's grief,

Which,

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Which, short'ning the respect thy presence claims,
Hastes to enquire, if MAXIMIN will give
The bodies of her children to the tomb?

OFFICER.

Far be its dismal honours from your offspring!
Lady, your valiant sons survive the field.

CORNELIA.

Are they not dead? were not the ÆMILIUS slain
On yonder field? Their father saw them fall.

OFFICER.

Faint with long fighting, and encompass'd round,
Opprest with numbers, and borne down they fell;
Not slain, nor greatly wounded. Captives now,
In their behalf, from MAXIMIN I come.

CORNELIA.

O! fire of gods and men! eternal JOVE!
For ever prais'd be thy protecting arm!

OFFICER.

Upon their father now depends their fate;
'Tis his to grant what MAXIMIN requires.

CORNELIA.

Let his demands be boundless as the wish
Of avarice itself, they shall be granted.
Treasures there are from age to age preserv'd,
The acquisition of our frugal fires;
Well are the treasures of our house bestow'd,
If they redeem their lives who should possess them.

OFFICER.

It is not gold that MAXIMIN requires.
'To thee, ÆMILIUS, I address my words:
Imperial MAXIMIN, lord of mankind,
Charges the senate and the Roman people
With breach of vows, and unprovok'd rebellion;
But chiefly thee, who first withstood thy sovereign,
And stop't the progress of his just revenge.
The righteous gods, he saith, to thee averse,
Have made thy sons the captives of his arms;
Them he has doom'd to death, and will this day
The sentence execute, unless their father,
Before the sun shall set, give up the city.

COR-

CORNELIA.

Relentless tyrant! O all-seeing gods!
How dire a prospect opens to CORNELIA!

ÆMILIUS.

I stand now not in equal lists with MAXIMIN,
Nor mean I here to plead the cause of Rome:
'Twould but offend thine ear. Yet tell thy lord,
He knows ÆMILIUS not, and therefore wrongs him
By this unworthy trial of his faith;
Unhappy, most unhappy, he may make me,
But he and fortune cannot make me base.

OFFICER.

Is this the answer I must bear to MAXIMIN?

ÆMILIUS.

What other answer could he hope from me?

OFFICER.

Think of the consequence of this defiance.

ÆMILIUS.

I'll meet it when it comes: now I must think
Of trust repos'd in me by injur'd Rome.

OFFICER.

Stout are thy words. But will this pride of spirit
Sustain thee through the horrors that surround thee?
Thy lips have now pronounc'd thy children's doom,
Which executed, as it soon must be,
Will move the sternest soldier of our camp
To tender pity. Never yet were seen
So brave a pair as thy unhappy sons;
Nature on them has pour'd out all her gifts,
And dress'd their virtue in the fairest form.

CORNELIA.

O thou, whose tongue in Roman accents speaks,
Whose gentle aspect shews a mind humane!
Take pity on the most unhappy parents,
That ever bore the name. This fatal day
Has prov'd too well the worth of these my sons,
Whom nature, tho' they less deserv'd, would love,
O! soften to the tyrant this refusal.—
I know not what to say; I have no right,
But that which signal misery confers,

To

To beg from thee assistance. If thou hast
At home an anxious mother, or sad spouse,
Who daily trembles for thy noble life,
Think of her state, and listen to CORNELIA,
Whose tongue till now did never plead for favour.

ÆMILIUS.

O generous stranger! our misfortunes touch
Thy manly mind.

OFFICER.

No stranger I: behold
A Roman, and a friend. This helmet off,
Perhaps CORNELIA may remember VARUS.

CORNELIA.

VARUS! my friend! companion of my youth!
O heavy change of times! on other terms
In Rome, delightful Rome, we wont to meet.

VARUS.

Most true, CORNELIA:

CORNELIA.

And is VARUS come
To aid the tyrant's arms against his country!
Come the fierce herald of his kinsmen's doom?

VARUS.

With the same heart, the same unalter'd mind
To all that e'er he lov'd, is VARUS come.

ÆMILIUS.

Permit me, gallant VARUS! still to claim
Thy friendship, tho' I stand the tyrant's foe.

VARUS.

ÆMILIUS! fortune rules the lives of men.
Had I been consul, and possess'd in Rome
Of civil dignity; perhaps, like thee,
I should have arm'd me in the senate's cause;
Whilst thou, a soldier on the distant frontier,
Perhaps, like me, hadst fought thy leader's quarrel.
The armies of the north acknowledge MAXIMIN.
I lead the British legions to the war:
But more of this hereafter. Thou hast heard
My horrid message, and hast made such answer
As well becomes a Roman and a consul.

ÆMILIUS.

ÆMILIUS.

Barbarian as he is——forgive me *VARUS*!
He cannot mean this threat'ning to fulfil.

VARUS.

O! trust not the humanity of *MAXIMIN*.
If he's not cruel, why art thou in arms?
Besides, his temper, ever fierce and savage,
Is now incens'd, enrag'd almost to madness,
By the wide wasting havock of this day.
His works are level'd, his best legions thin'd,
His nephew *ALGAR* slain by *TITUS*' hand.
In the first transport of his furious wrath,
He did devote to the infernal gods,
And *ALGAR*'s shade, the pris'ners of the field.
An old Ligurian, captain of his guards,
Step'd in and interpos'd this crafty counsel.——
Your answer I will bear, but give it colours
That may denote the dawning of submission,
And so retard——

*Enter an OFFICER.**OFFICER.*

An herald from the camp

Requires the tribune forthwith to return:
Impatient *MAXIMIN* stands on the plain,
Known by his purple and gigantick stature.

CORNELIA.

Dreadful impatience! most inhuman rage!
By the dear sympathy of Roman blood,
Which in our veins from the same fountain flows,
Let me entreat thee, *VARUS*, to appease
The angry tyrant. Represent *ÆMILIUS*,
Dispos'd to yield all that his honour can.
And if stern *MAXIMIN* prefers revenge,
To profer'd gold, yet try if wealth can win
His friends and favourites to be more gentle.

VARUS.

He has no friends nor favourites; from fear

His

His soldiers serve, his officers obey.
 I must be gone, for MAXIMIN brooks not
 His orders slighted. Trust my zeal, CORNELIA!
 Had I but equal power, your sons were free,
 Consul.

ÆMILIUS.

Let me conduct thee to the gate,
 And tell thee, as we go, what yet remains
 Untold of our condition.

Exeunt ÆMILIUS and VARUS.

CORNELIA.

Interpreter of heaven's mysterious will,
 Angur rever'd! how will the evening close
 Of this distressful day? Haste to repeat
 The sacred rites, and prove thy art divine.

PRIEST.

Such is my purpose, soon as Phœbus bows
 From his meridian height. Lady, my mind
 Has ponder'd MAXIMIN's abhor'd demand.
 One only course there is to end the strife,
 The dreadful strife of nature and of duty,
 In great ÆMILIUS' mind; and reconcile
 The children's safety with the father's honour.

CORNELIA.

'Tis that I wish for, but of that despair.

PRIEST.

The Roman host, by GORDIANUS led,
 In three days hence reach Aquileia's walls;
 Their near approach to MAXIMIN unknown.
 Therefore the consul, without breach of honour,
 Without injustice to the Roman state,
 May stipulate with MAXIMIN, to yield
 The city on the fourth returning day;
 If not reliev'd. E'er that the chance of war
 Raises the siege, or makes resistance vain.

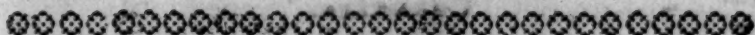
CORNELIA.

Wife are thy words; and now the dawn of hope
 Breaks on my darksome mind. Believe me, priest,
 The loss of my dear sons in battle slain,

As once I thought them, was less terrible
 Than the dire apprehension of that death
 To which the tyrant dooms them; worse to me,
 And worse, far worse to them. Alas! my sons!
 Uncertain is your fate! who can foretel
 The savage motions of the tyrant's will?
 And yet this counsel seems the only means
 Of preservation. Minister of heaven!
 Let us retire, and at the altar bow
 Of Jove eternal, who thy heart inspir'd.

*Exeunt.**End of the second Act.*

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter ÆMILIUS; and from the other side of the stage
LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

TO every post and station round the wall
Your orders have been borne. And each com-
mander
With zeal obey'd.

ÆMILIUS.

The soldiers' countenance,
How seems it, LUCIUS?

LUCIUS.

Determin'd to the death.
Strong indignation at their leader's fate,
With grief and pity, o'er their visage gleams;
But every passion settles to revenge.

ÆMILIUS.

LUCIUS! 'tis well. See that my steed be led
Accoutr'd to the gate I know not, LUCIUS,
How soon I may bestride him.

Exit LUCIUS.

ÆMILIUS *alone.*

This distress
Grows heavier every hour: like a green wound,
At first I felt it not; it rankles now.
Would I had listen'd to the urgent voice
Of nature, when she call'd me to the field!
Who could have blam'd the passions of a father?
If Rome had blam'd me, in the silent tomb
Her voice had not been heard.

Enter CORNELIA.

CORNELIA.

Why tarries VARUS?

ÆMILIUS.

He will return, CORNELIA! doubt not that.
The tyrant knows the snare in which we're caught,
And to the uttermost will prove our souls
Before he breaks it.

CORNELIA.

By the gods inspir'd,
The priest hath found the means to set us free,
If you consent.

ÆMILIUS.

If I consent? alas!
That doubt implies suspicion of the means.

CORNELIA.

Hear me, and judge: capitulate with MAXIMIN,
In three days hence to yield up Aquileia,
If not reliev'd. Before that time expires,
The arms of Rome victorious raise the siege;
Or, if defeated, make resistance vain.
Bend not thine eye, ÆMILIUS, on the ground!
The strictest law of duty is fulfill'd.
If thou reject'st this counsel, I will say,
Not MAXIMIN the tyrant slew my children,
But their own cruel father.

ÆMILIUS.

Oh! forbear!
My soul is rack'd; my heart asunder torn.
The eyes of all the world on me are fix'd;
Rome and mankind from me expect their fate:
I must consider this applauded counsel,
Ere I embrace.

CORNELIA.

This city is not Rome,
Nor your small garrison the Roman host,
A part, a little part, a very grain
Of publick interest, in your mind outweighs
Your children, all your children. Oh! ÆMILIUS!
Alike the father and the mother bear

The

A TRAGEDY.

29

The name of parent ; but a parent's love
Lives only in the tender mother's heart.

ÆMILIUS.

First let us learn what answer VARUS brings.

Enter VARUS.

He comes, and various passions dim his face.

CORNELIA.

O! VARUS, VARUS!

VARUS.

Oh! too just thy fears!

Of my lov'd kinsmen unrevok'd the doom!

VARUS hath kneel'd in vain. Hard as the rocks

Of wild Dalmatia, is the tyrant's heart.

Incens'd at the refusal which I bore,

His fury rages like a fire confin'd,

And threatens every quarter. Hear, ÆMILIUS,

And tremble now for Rome, as for thy children!

ÆMILIUS.

For Rome?

VARUS.

The tyrant (lend me patience, Heaven!

To speak with calmness, I who serve him still)

This day hath vow'd to raze imperial Rome.

ÆMILIUS.

Barbarian! why?

VARUS.

To fix his wavering host;

To glut his legions with the mighty spoil.

Disease and famine prey upon his troops,

And rumour cries, that a relief is near.

The soldiers faint, and murmur at the length

And havock of this siege. The crafty tyrant

With sound of trumpet thro' the camp proclaim'd,

That he will give the city to be sack'd,

Raze her proud walls, and change the seat of empire.

The glad Barbarians shout'd to the skies,

And mix'd with their applause unheard-of oaths

To die with MAXIMIN.

ÆMILIUS.

What said the Romans?

C 3

To

VARUS.

In number few, but scatter'd thro' the bands,
They griev'd, and carefully suppress their sorrow.

ÆMILIUS.

Was there no Roman near enough to plant
A dagger in the heart of MAXIMIN?

VARUS.

Before the tyrant reach the walls of Rome,
That Roman may be found.

ÆMILIUS.

Above the name
Of god-like SCÆVOLA his fame shall rise.

VARUS.

The righteous gods, whom MAXIMIN contemns,
Have in their vengeance urg'd his frantic mind
By this decree to work his own perdition.
Long honour'd Rome! tho' thou hast lost so much
Of thy primæval splendor, still my heart
Thy image worships; still for thee I fought,
And from Siluria, to the savage shore
Of Caledonia, I thy trophies rear'd!
And shall thy soldier draw his sword against thee,
Or stand a tame spectator of thy fall?
No! I am thine, devoted, as of old
Thy darling sons, when first thy glory rose.
Nor shall thy turrets bow, imperial Rome!
Till low in dust the head of VARUS lies.

ÆMILIUS.

There spoke a Roman!

CORNELIA.

I rejoice to hear:

The voice of VARUS thus declare for Rome.
Her distant danger may thy arm avert!
But who defends my sons, whose sudden fate
This day decides?

VARUS.

O were it possible:

To gain a short delay! Time presses me;
For strong in troops and terrible is MAXIMIN,
Nor am I yet prepar'd to rise in arms.
In a few days—nay, if the Roman host.

Were

A TRAGEDY.

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Were near at hand,—

CORNELIA.

My husband, speak

ÆMILIUS.

O! VARUS!

The fates are merciful. Peruse these lines.

VARUS.

“ In three days hence.” Then, tyrant, I shall meet thee.
But what can sheath this day the naked sword?

ÆMILIUS.

A truce I'll offer, bind myself by vow
(Nor is the practice new or strange in war)
Within a certain time to yield the city,
If not reliev'd; the time, this scroll directs.
The fourth revolving day.

VARUS.

I see their aims

Ere that, the blow is struck by GORDIANUS;
Ere that shall VARUS spread his Roman eagle,
And chase the raven of Dalmatia home.

ÆMILIUS.

Thou think'st the tyrant will accept those terms?

VARUS.

I hold it certain: he can with no more;
Unknown to him th' approach of GORDIANUS;
By MARS, the father of the Roman race,
Whose spear omnipotent in battle rules,
My life shall stand betwixt your sons and death.

CORNELIA.

O best of friends! This is the work of heaven,
Whose awful purposes, unconscious man
Promotes, and fondly thinks he serves his own.
Thus from remotest Britain's frozen shore
The tyrant to his aid the warrior calls,
Who comes, a Weapon in the hand of Jove,
To smite the proud usurper, and preserve
My children.

ÆMILIUS.

Yea, his country and mankind.

VARUS.

May the event these pleasing hopes fulfil.

I, that

I, that have been a soldier from my youth,
And fought out many a hard unequal conflict:
With tribes and nations who no mercy know,
Yet never felt my bosom thus alarm'd.

ÆMILIUS.

For us, for Rome, thy Roman mind is mov'd.

VARUS.

In a new path I tread. I, that ne'er us'd
Dissimulation, must a while dissemble.
Soon may the hour of nobler action come!
When in the front of my brave troops I stand,
And dare the hateful tyrant with my sword,
My heart shall beat no more. My friends, farewell!

CORNELIA.

The gods protect thee, VARUS!

VARUS.

Cōsul, 'tis meet

You hold your troops prepar'd, and from the walls
Each motion watch, that rises in our camp.

ÆMILIUS.

My vigilance shall equal the occasion.

[Exit VARUS.]

'Tis, as thou said'st, indeed the hand of heaven!
Ye powers supreme! who guide the line of fate,
Whose winding course eludes the sense of man,
Who could have thought that from our deep distress,
My son's captivity, and threaten'd death,
Should spring the ruin of insulting MAXIMIN?

CORNELIA.

Him, who contemns the gods, the gods will punish:
Now or hereafter. To the altar I
Of Jove will hasten, and his power implore,
Here LUCIUS comes.

Enter LUCIUS.

ÆMILIUS.

What tidings?

LUCIUS.

Good, my lord!

Far on the distant heights that close the vale,

The

The watchmen have descried a welcome sight,
 Eagles and standards glittering in the sun,
 Squadrons of horse that move along the hill;
 Your faithful soldiers in loud shouts rejoice,
 And hail the van of GORDIANUS' host.

ÆMILIUS.

Too soon, great gods! they come.

LUCIUS.

Too soon, my lord!

That cannot be. In a most happy hour
 Relief approaches. For in every street
 Th' afflicted citizens exclaim against you,
 And, as they pass, upbraid the patient soldier
 For tame submission to your rigid will;
 Which even your children's danger cannot bend.

ÆMILIUS.

Would to the gods their murmurs and reproaches
 Were all I had to bear!

*Enter a Herald and an Officer
 from MAXIMIN.*

Now bursts the storm.

CORNELIA.

This is not VARUS. Sternly he comes on.
 This is the dreadful harbinger of death.

OFFICER.

Consul! I come from MAXIMIN; that prince
 Whose wrath is terrible, now burns with wrath
 At thee, and sends me to denounce his vengeance.
 He hath discover'd thy unworthy arts,
 The fraudulent proposal of a truce,
 When thou did'st know the rebel host drew near.
 Hither I come to cut all treaties short,
 And to pronounce thy son's immediate death,
 Unless, without delay, thou yield'st this city,
 Thyself, thy legions, freely to his mercy.

ÆMILIUS.

A cruel message harshly thou deliver'st,
 The dreadful echo of thy threat'ning lord.
 He grows in his demands.

OFFICER.

'Tis fit he should.

When

When basely dealt with : treachery still finds
Its due reward from him.

ÆMILIUS.

Ha! who art thou,

Who dar'st presume thus to address the consul?

OFFICER.

I am the slave of MAXIMIN ; if thou
Hast any other name, it is a worse one,
Rebel, proud Roman!

ÆMILIUS.

Thou'rt protected, slave!

Thy character is sacred ; else - Barbarian!

Return to MAXIMIN, the terms I sent

By VARUS I adhere to; and expect
another answer, by a gentler herald.

CORNELIA.

Thou art no Roman. Wilt thou deign to tell!

Thy name and country?

OFFICER.

DUMNORIX my name,

My country Gaul.

CORNELIA.

And of Ligurian race,

Chief of the band Pretorian, art thou not?

OFFICER.

I am, and faithful to the prince I serve.

CORNELIA.

Faithful to evil, false to all that's good!

To nature and humanity a traitor ;

Contriver of the murder of my children!

My soul by strong antipathy divin'd thee,

And shudder'd at thee as her evil genius.

ÆMILIUS.

CORNELIA, beware, thou wrong'st thyself,

Thus to expose to him thy wounded heart.

OFFICER.

VARUS, your countryman, hath told you, lady!

What counsel I suggested to my prince.

This I expected from a Roman messenger,

Whose treachery his master soon shall know,

He told you true. From me the counsel came;

I thought.

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I thought the dames of Rome had lov'd their children.

[Exit DUMNORIX.]

CORNELIA.

Oh! my husband! What remedy, what hope!

ÆMILIUS.

In VARUS still I trust. The troops of Rome
Are near at hand. That insolent Ligurian
Hath chaf'd me to the height. O! awful Rome!
Where are thy honours? Queen of all the earth!
How art thou fallen! When a vile slave like this,
Insults thy consul, and decrees the doom
Of thy Patrician race! If this must be,
'Tis time to die; we all have liv'd too long.

CORNELIA.

I felt the insult, but my feeble anger
Blaz'd for a moment only. Other passions
Soon quench'd my indignation. O! my children!

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER.

To arms, my lord! The enemy comes on.

ÆMILIUS.

We are prepar'd, for MAXIMIN is known.
I look'd for this attack. Against what gate
Bend they their force?

OFFICER.

They threaten every gate;
For all their legions move. Distinct I saw
Three mighty columns shoaling to the plain,
And in their front are carriages advanc'd
Loaded with beams and rafters, fit to frame
Some engine strong, against our batter'd walls.

ÆMILIUS.

Be not afraid.

[To CORNELIA.]

[A shout.]

What means that fearful cry?

CORNELIA.

A cry! it was a groan, a dreadful groan,
As if a multitude, a legion died.

ÆMILIUS.

Farewel!

CORNELIA.

My lord, one moment stay, behold!

Enter

Enter LUCIUS.

ÆMILIUS.

From whence that dismal cry?

OFFICER.

Alas! alas!

It was the people's voice, the soldiers' voice,
Lamenting for your sons.

CORNELIA.

Already! heaven!

ÆMILIUS.

Say, what has befallen?

OFFICER.

Still, my lord, they live;

But on the verge of death the brothers stand.

CORNELIA.

Still they live!

ÆMILIUS.

Uninterrupted now relate,

Without a comment, what thy eyes have seen.

OFFICER.

The host of MAXIMIN for fight array'd,
 In three huge columns onward slowly mov'd,
 And when their van had reach'd the little hill,
 From whence the fountain springs, fast by the wall
 The army halted: then appear'd a band,
 Busy artificers, who rear'd in haste,
 A pile we wonder'd at; but soon was chang'd
 Our wonder into sorrow, when we knew
 It was a scaffold; and beheld your sons,
 Guarded and bound, draw near. That spectacle
 Produc'd the cry.

CORNELIA.

O! insupportable!

My lord! my husband! oh!

ÆMILIUS.

Matron, retire,

And hide thy anguish from the common eye.

CORNELIA.

Ha! Whither dost thou go?

ÆMILIUS.

Streight to the gate.

CORNELIA.

Where thou art, I will be. I cannot leave thee, have

Have mercy upon me, your sons, yourself,
And to necessity a little yield;
Intreat a short delay, new terms propound,
Let not your children die.

ÆMILIUS.

Think'st thou thy sons
Will chuse a life, bought by their father's shame?
If right my soul divines of both my boys,
What they dread most this instant, is to live,
Redeem'd inglorious with my honour lost,

CORNELIA.

I am encompassed; on a pointed rock
I stand, a dreadful gulph on either side.

ÆMILIUS.

The time is not expir'd; some hours the sun
Hath yet to fall; this awful preparation
Is meant to terrify and shake my soul,
That I may bow before the next demand.
Go to the palace, when a message comes
From the fell tyrant, thou shalt hear it answered.

CORNELIA.

Deal not, my lord, deceitfully with me.
I have a right, a mother's right.

ÆMILIUS.

Be calm,
Let me conjure thee by the sacred names
Of thy great ancestors, who died for Rome,
Remember them, and prove thyself their daughter.

[Exit ÆMILIUS.]

CORNELIA alone.

My ancestors! alas! ill-omen'd names!
Ye shades of heroes, o'er the world renown'd
For virtue, and for great misfortunes fam'd!
Why should I think of you, but to confirm
The dire presage that rises from my heart?
Your matchless worth exempted not from ills,
But was the cause recorded of your ruin.
Sprung from your blood, I fear that I am born
Heir to the fortunes of the fated line.

[Exit CORNELIA.]

End of the third Act.

D

A C T.



A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter LUCIUS.

I Will report the truth ; too visible
 Is the sad object from our crowded walls.
 Unhappy mother ! whom excess of anguish
 Drives to pursue additional distress !
 O ! good and great *ÆMILIUS* ! how my soul
 Is griev'd for thee, and for thy valiant sons !
 Whom I so oft have carried in my arms.
 My generous master made me free in vain ;
 Still I remain'd a voluntary slave,
 Prefer'd his service in a foreign land
 To sweet *LARISSA*, and my native-shore.
 My only son, under his roof brought forth,
 Born on the day that gave young *TITUS* birth,
 Bred up with him in every Roman art,
 Unlike the rudeness of our simple land,
 Wild with despair, vows he will not outlive
 His dear, dear lord ! his kind, his noble master.

*Enter CORNELIA.**CORNELIA.*

Calamity comes on me like a torrent,
 And overwhelms a mind not us'd to woe.
 Ha ! *LUCIUS*, hast thou seen my hapless sons ?
 Say, can I view them from th' adjacent wall ?

LUCIUS.

Too well, alas ! conspicuous they stand.

CORNELIA.

LUCIUS, lead on.

LUCIUS.

Reluctant I obey.

I fear the transports of a mother's mind.

COR-

A TRAGEDY.

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CORNELIA.

I will behold them ; I will see my children,
Whate'er befall me ; I will gaze upon them,
Tho' frantic madness should my soul surprise :
All lesser fears are in a greater lost.
Haste and conduct me.

LUCIUS.

The sad spectacle

Is near at hand.

CORNELIA.

O ! feeble limbs that fail,
And weakly serve the strength of my despair !

LUCIUS.

'Tis nature shrinks. O ! lady ! yet be warn'd.

CORNELIA.

No ; if my wretched limbs refuse their office,
The arms of slaves shall bear me to the wall.
I'm firmer now, proceed.

LUCIUS.

The herald comes.

CORNELIA.

The last of heralds ; but I will not tarry.

[*Exeunt CORNELIA and LUCIUS.*]

Enter Herald and VARUS.

This is the place appointed by the consul ;
Find, and inform him quickly of my presence.

[*Exit Herald.*]

VARUS *alone.*

They must not die. It were a deed, to strike
Horror from pole to pole. The Parthian fierce,
And the wild Moor would tremble at the tale,
And mark accurst the pale of Roman empire.
Tyrant, too savage over beasts to rule !
Fidelity to thee were horrid treason
To human nature, to the gracious gods,
Who o'er distressed humanity preside.
This day has full display'd the tyrant's soul,
And ripen'd thoughts long growing in my breast.
Tis vain to think of antient freedom now ;

D 2

The

The senate, and the people are no more.
Rome's vast dominions for the scepter call,
The world subdu'd, one master must command.
But let us have a monarch, not a tyrant.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

ÆMILIUS.

VARUS return'd! can MAXIMIN relent!

VARUS.

Never! his rage would stab the hoary Priest
Before the altar. Hardly have I gain'd
This last renewal of the first conditions.

ÆMILIUS.

Where is the host of Rome?

VARUS.

Far distant still
Those squadrons, that in evil hour alarm'd
The tyrant, and defeated our design,
The zeal of GORDIANUS had advanced
To cheer your troops, with promise of relief.

ÆMILIUS.

'Tis fate o'erwhelms us. To the tyrant bear
My first and latest answer. With delight,
With transport I would die to save my sons;
But will not save them by an act of baseness.

VARUS.

With fortitude, with dignity, *ÆMILIUS,*
Thou hast sustain'd this cruel shock of fortune,
And justify'd the sentiments of Rome,
That plac'd her sovereign confidence in thee.
Now hear the counsel of a faithful friend,
Anxious for thee, and zealous for his country.

ÆMILIUS.

No vain desire of glory rules my breast;
I feel the throbs of nature: all I wish
Is to be just to Rome; I envy not,
Nor emulate the older Brutus' fame.

VARUS.

The profer'd terms accept, and save thy children.
Rome shall not suffer: when her troops draw near,

I will

I will forsake the tyrant's shatter'd side,
And fix the fortune of the future field.

ÆMILIUS.

Compassion dictates this delusive counsel;
Thy pity for a miserable father;
But chance may marr thy generous design,
And deep dismay for Aquileia lost,
Confound the legions that contend for Rome:
Then whither shall forlorn ÆMILIUS fly?
Where shall he hide him from reproach and shame?
What joy, what comfort, will his children yield,
When he and they with infamy must dwell?
A new companion to our noble race.
No! rather let the blow tremendous fall,
And crush us in the path our fathers trod,
I see the image of my bleeding country:
I hear the voice of Rome her consul call;
The chosen guardian in her last extreme,
City of gods! mother of heroes fam'd
Like gods of old! shall I abandon thee.
For whom so many noble youths have died,
So many fathers?

Enter CORNELIA.

Now, my heart, be firm.

CORNELIA.

Where is ÆMILIUS? the hard-hearted father,
Who whets the tyrant's sword against his children!

ÆMILIUS.

Alas, CORNELIA!

CORNELIA.

I have seen my sons,
Both bound with chains: I saw the deadly ax;
And the stern villain standing by their side.
Consul! I kneel to thee! O hear thy wife!
Hear me, my husband, whilst I yet have sense
And reason left to regulate my words.
O drive me not to madness, to despair:
Already wavering on the brink I stand,
In agony extreme.

D 3

ÆMILIUS.

ÆMILIUS.
Trust in the gods ;

They sooth the agonies of guiltless woe,
But to despair resign the self-condemn'd.
O my beloved wife, do not assail
Thy husband's soul, that labours to be just.
Heaven knows how dear to my afflicted heart
Thou, and the pledges of our virtuous love,
Have ever been ; more dear than ever now.
But if their danger, and thy fears should bend
My yielding mind to baseness and to shame,
Remorse would break the concord of our love,
And hate succeed to criminal affection.

CORNELIA.
Me only hate ; acquit thy noble sons,
Too like thyself ; *ÆMILIUS*, had'st thou seen,
Thy sons, as I beheld them from the ramparts.
With head erect, and high, my *PAULUS* stood.
I knew his stature eminent ; unmov'd,
And steadfast was his gesture, firm he seem'd,
Like a strong castle on its rocky base.
The port of *TITUS* shew'd a mind less calm,
Around he look'd, and from his scornful eyes,
Threw on his foes defiance, and disdain.
At last in earnest speech the brothers join'd.
I saw them whisper ; *PAULUS* bow'd his head.
The multitude, long silent at my presence,
Lamented then ; the weeping mothers clasp'd
Their infants to their breasts, and look'd at me.
I left the walls, to find thee out, my husband !
And lead thee thither, that thou might'st relent.

ÆMILIUS.
Relent, *CORNELIA* ! O eternal powers,
That see the anguish of my tortur'd soul,
Sustain me still ; let not my duty yield
To the strong yearning of a father's heart.

CORNELIA.
Why speaks not *VARUS* ? Has he too conspir'd
Against me and my children ?

VARUS.
I have spoke,

And

And told the consul, that his sons may live,
And Roman arms o'er MAXIMIN prevail.

CORNELIA.

What would'st thou more? inexorable man!

VARUS.

I see the bottom of thy troubled mind,
And in this awful hour revere thy virtue,
Which stands aloof, and trembles at dishonour.
But hear this new addition to my counsel;
Soldiers I have, in every danger try'd,
Bred to hard service in our British wars,
Accustom'd to explore the forests wild,
Alone, amidst the perils of the night,
And mingle fearless with the savage foes;
Disguis'd in their attire and uncouth arms,
Of those the most expert, I will dispatch,
That GORDIANUS may his arms advance.

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER.

My Lord, your son approaches.

CORNELIA.

Ha! my son!

OFFICER.

TITUS your son, attended by a herald,
Slow thro' the gazing multitude proceeds,
Who weep and bless him.

ÆMILIUS.

Ha! what change is this?

OFFICER.

The herald as he passes scatters gladness,
Saying that TITUS comes to end the war,
And to compassion move his father's mind.

ÆMILIUS.

TITUS! does TITUS come to plead compassion?
Now destiny, thou tramplest down ÆMILIUS.
Go tell him, Herald, that I will not see him;
Let him not come to hear me curse the hour
That made me father of a son like him.

COR-

CORNELIA.

Judge not so rashly, see and hear thy son.

ÆMILIUS.

Mention him not; that father has my envy
 Who mourneth o'er his sons in battle slain,
 Short-sighted mortals! Let no man repine
 When fate bereaves him of the child he loves;
 Amidst his anguish let him think of mine,
 And that will comfort him.

CORNELIA.

This is not well,
 Nor like my son; yet valour cannot change
 Its quality so quickly. He hath prov'd
 His dauntless courage. Death in terror clad
 Could not dismay him. But his noble mind
 Is sway'd by pity of his brother's fate,
 In his involv'd.

Enter TITUS.

ÆMILIUS.

Gods! unabash'd he seems;
 Nor at his most inglorious purpose blushes.

[ÆMILIUS turns from him.]

CORNELIA.

Dear to thy mother still.

TITUS. *[To his father.]*

Turn not away.

Nor hold thy TITUS of one look unworthy.

ÆMILIUS.

Art thou my TITUS? Thou that fear'st to die,
 And comes a servile suppliant for life!
 With coward prayers to seduce the consul
 No! thou art not my son. I had a son!
 Whose only fault was valour to excess,
 Whose fatal courage was the source of ills
 Which he was bound in honour to sustain.
 Thou art not he! Thou scandal to thy country!
 Thou tool of MAXIMIN.

TITUS.

Wrong not thy son.

Fast:

Fast roll the number'd moments of my life,
And I must hasten to redeem my fame.

CORNELIA.

I fear, but know not what his words portend.

TITUS.

I have deceiv'd the tyrant, and am come
No messenger or counsellor of shame.
The cause of honour, of my father's honour,
The cause of Rome against myself I plead,
And in my voice the noble PAULUS speaks.
Let no man pity us; aloft we stand
On a high theatre, objects I think
Of admiration, and of envy rather.
The tyrant and his menac'd deaths we scorn,
The chearful victims of our sacred country.

ÆMILIUS.

Hear this! O earth and heaven! my son! my pride!
Come to thy father's arms; now, now I know
My blood again. O bitter pleasing hour!
For I must lose thee, lose thee, O my hero!
Now when I love thee best, and most admire.

CORNELIA.

Preserve that virtue which you thus admire,
My son! my husband! VARUS pity me.

TITUS.

This to prevent I came; the force I fear'd
Of strong affection, and a mother's tears.
We saw the busy heralds come and go,
And trembled lest the consul might be won;
For ebbing resolution ne'er returns,
But still falls farther from its former shore.
To aid my father in this trying hour
Did I assume a dastard's vile disguise.

ÆMILIUS.

And did I meet thee with reproach and anger?
With scorn encounter my devoted son,
Who came to strengthen and support his sire?
Forgive me, last of the Æmilian line!
Pure and unstain'd the current of our blood
Ends as it long has flow'd.

COR-

CORNELIA.

O VARUS! speak,
Tell them, thou guardian angel of thy country!
That Rome does not this sacrifice demand.
Why should they die in vain?

VARUS.

Thou noble youth,
Whose life more and more precious still I deem,
I am the friend of Rome; of yonder host
No slender part under my ensigns move.
With them I watch the tyrant's overthrow,
And guard my country with a stronger power,
Than Aquileia, and her feeble walls.
Great is thy glory, thou hast reach'd the top
Of magnanimity in bloom of youth,
The REGULUS reviv'd of antient Rome;
Inflexible to terror, yield to prudence,
No tongue shall tax thine or thy father's fame.

TITUS.

Renowned VARUS! often have I heard
Of thee, and of thy virtues; oft rejoic'd,
That I could claim affinity with them;
But not the sanction of thy honour'd voice,
Not all the credence due to worth like thine,
Can move my stedfast mind. There is but one,
One only path which mortals safely tread,
The sacred path of rectitude and truth.
I follow, tho' it leads me to the tomb.
Forgive me, noble Roman! o'er thy head,
Perhaps, this instant dire discovery hangs,
And thou and Rome are lost, and basely lost.
No, let the consul, as he ought, defy
The tyrant's threat'ning, and rely on heav'n.
For me, and PAULUS too, our hearts are fix'd,
Deliberation of our state is vain:
For if the consul should this city yield,
Inevitable death abides his sons.

CORNELIA.

Eternal Gods! thy mystic words explain.

TITUS.

A solemn oath determin'd we have sworn,

Ne'er

Ne'er to survive the ignominious ransom.
 Restor'd to liberty, to death we fly,
 And perish mutual by each other's sword.

ÆMILIUS.

Immortal Gods! who gave me sons like these,
 Forsake them not, but guard your work divine.

CORNELIA.

My best-belov'd! my darling! my fond heart
 Bleeds tenderness for thee. But there is something
 So awful and so great, a glory round thee,
 Which dazzles and o'erwhelms me. O my son!
 Is life a burden? Lov'st thou not thy parents?
 Who for the love of thee would gladly die.

TITUS.

Think not, O best of mothers, best of women,
 That with unfilial arrogance I speak.
 My heart is full this instant of affection,
 Hard to suppress. Dear to my soul are those
 I leave behind, bitter to me their sorrows.
 But destiny supreme hath mark'd my way:
 And I accept what honour cannot shun.
 By trivial accident, by various ills
 Fatal to man, thou might'st have lost thy sons,
 And they in dark oblivion would have slept:
 But now I see the goal that Jove assigns,
 And glory terminates our short career.
 Be this thy comfort; I avow it mine.
 Admir'd and mourn'd by Rome, for Rome we die,
 Of fate secure, immortal is our fame,
 And spotless laurels deck thy childrens tomb.

CORNELIA.

Mysterious Powers! how strange is my distress!
 Thy virtue, TITUS, rends thy mother's heart!
 Ev'n now the grandeur of thy tow'ring soul
 Exalts my humbler mind to thoughts like thine:
 But when thou goest, alas! I sink again,
 Like the weak Pythian when her God has left her.

TITUS.

My father!

ÆMILIUS.

*The Siege of Aquileia.**ÆMILIUS.*

O my son, thou art the judge
 And arbiter of fate. Time, rapid fly,
 And bring a joyful victory to Rome.
 Let me but see the scale of combat turn'd,
 And die in glad assurance of her safety.

VARUS.

The hero's fire invades my secret soul:
 Like his my bosom burns. You shall not die,
[To Titus.]

Unaided and alone. Perhaps the Gods! —
 I know not that; but I will raise a pile
 Of glorious ruin. Shine, ye stars of Rome.
 First in the column stand my British bands.

[To ÆMILIUS.]

Prepare your squadrons, and protract the time
 Of his return.

Enter PRIEST of JUPITER and the younger LUCIUS.

PRIEST.

Consul of mighty Rome!

Firm be the purpose of the present hour.
 The fire of Gods a happy sign hath giv'n:
 Trust in the aid of heav'n's eternal king,
 His adamantine ages Jove extends.

VARUS.

Romans and friends, farewell! Undaunted Titus,
 I go to aid thee too with mortal arms. [Exit VARUS.]

TITUS.

Deem me not impious, servant of the Gods!
 Thee, and thy sacred office I revere,
 But signs and omens may our thoughts deceive.
 Men may mistake the purposes of heav'n;
 The shield of Jove guards not the brave man's life,
 Nor wards his body from the mortal blow.
 A shield there is, that never can be pierc'd,
 The heav'nly armour of a mind resolv'd.
 That mail, who wears, against all force is clad,
 And triumphs o'er the fate by which he falls.

Enter

A TRAGEDY. 49

Enter OFFICER.

OFFICER.

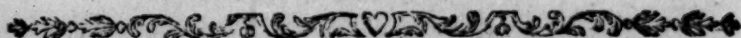
My Lords! th' assembled citizens demand
An audience.

ÆMILIUS.

Tell them, No. It will require
My presence to appease their fearful clamour.
Retire, my son, and till the herald comes
A sad but dear society enjoy. *[Exit.*

End of the fourth Act.

E A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Trumpets sound.**Enter TITUS, CORNELIA and ÆMILIUS.*

TITUS.

FOR me the trumpet sounds.

CORNELIA.

O dreadful sound!

TITUS.

The hour is come.

CORNELIA.

Alas! not yet, my son!

To the last moment stay. So VARUS counsell'd.

TITUS.

The herald's at the gate. I must not stay,

Nor linger, like a criminal oppress

With shameful fears. Farewell, my fire, farewell!

CORNELIA.

Thou goest to die, and say'st thou but farewell?

It were too little, if from Rome thou went'st

A sportful journey to the Baian shore.

But thou art going never to return,

To the dark region.

TITUS.

Where all men have gone:

Where all must go; but glorious is the path

Thy offspring tread. An honourable death

Is the sole gift which fate cannot resume.

Methinks it suits us not thus to discourse:

Combat thy grief, and make our parting noble.

CORNELIA.

Nature forbids. I cannot conquer nature.

Speak not so firm, look not so unconcern'd:

Leave in thy mother's ear some tender words,

Fit for eternal memory.

TITUS.

If thou lov'st,

O spare

A T R A G E D Y.

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O spare thy son, lest MAXIMIN should think
He has subdued me. No. He shall not see
Upon my cheek the vestige of a-tear.

ÆMILIUS.

Thy spirit shall inspire thy father's soul,
Till to the shades he sinks to meet thee there :
Then to the founders of immortal Rome,
I'll point my heroes.—To my PAULUS this,

[Embraces.]

And now, farewell.

CORNELIA.

Alas ! thy fire despairs,
He quits thy hand ; till now I ne'er despair'd.
The moment is arriv'd, the dreadful moment,
I durst not think of, and cannot endure.
O TITUS ! TITUS ! let me clasp thy neck,
My son ! those eyes I never shall behold
In living lustre more.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Strife and confusion
Reign in the tyrant's camp. Himself I saw
Leap from his high tribunal.

ÆMILIUS.

Sound th' alarm.
This is the work of VARUS.

TITUS.

Consul, beware.
Hostility from thee is breach of faith,
Whilst I remain.

ÆMILIUS.

Too true, my son ! Begone,
And free thy father's sword.

CORNELIA. *[Embraces him.]*

He shall not go.

One instant saves him, keeps him from the storm;
My arms have strength enough to hold my son,
My only left, for now his brother dies.

TITUS.

Nothing shall hold me. I have deeply sworn,
And lest my brother pledge of my return ;
Lest him, to bear alone the tyrant's rage,

To die by torture, if I break my faith.
Thus would'st thou buy my life ! Unhand me freight,
Or I must tear myself.

ÆMILIUS.

Thy frenzy, woman,
Cuts off our last resource, adds shame to ruin ;
I will not, cannot succour noble VARUS,
And much wrong'd PAULUS, till thou sett'st him free.
The clamour ceases, Oh ! what hast thou done ?

CORNELIA.

There, let him go, and perish with his brother.
Forgive this action ; for excels of anguish
Deprives CORNELIA of her reason's aid.
Now comes the raven that still bodes my woes,

Enter Herald and DUMNORIX.

DUMNORIX.

Captive, the time's expir'd.

TITUS.

Soldier, 'tis well.

Turn to the gate thy steps, I follow thee.

DUMNORIX.

Thou art the first that e'er employ'd deceit
Against himself ; thy artifice prevails.

[*To ÆMILIUS.*]

Roman ! once more, tho' not from love, I speak ;
Yield thee, for now thou hast no hope in VARUS.

ÆMILIUS.

Who told thee, that my resolution stood
On such a hope ? What hath befallen VARUS ?

DUMNORIX.

His treason is detected ; he himself
Seiz'd, and condemn'd with thy rash sons to die.

CORNELIA.

Eternal god ! ——— How did the legions brook
Their valiant leader's fate ?

DUMNORIX.

Her tongue betrays

Your secret expectation of revolt,
Where all is calm submission. VARUS came
From hence, entrusted with your last resolve,
And, like an orator, address'd himself,
To the tribunal, with a voice so rais'd,
That every soldier in the circle heard ;

And

And as he told a tale to move their pity,
A sudden murmur rose. The emperor
Leapt from his throne, and call'd aloud to seize
The artful traitor. Soon his guards obey'd.

ÆMILIUS.

VARUS, the noble VARUS, too must die.
But there are gods above! Vengeance is theirs,
The tyrant yet shall feel.

CORNELIA.

Will vengeance raise
My children from the tomb?

DUMNORIX.

Thou question'st well.
Matron, I pity thee. Canst thou not move
Thy husband's heart to spare his dying sons,
Nor win thy children to consent to live?

CORNELIA.

Thou pity me! thou, whose inhuman soul
Devis'd the counsel that has caus'd my woe.
In vain dost thou attempt my troubled mind;
Had I a magic voice to cleave the earth,
To pluck the sun and moon from their high sphere;
Unmov'd my husband and my sons would hear me.

TITUS.

This ineffectual conference I'll end.

[To DUMNORIX.]

'Tis not your office, sir! to counsel here,
Conduct me to the camp.

DUMNORIX.

I will, be sure:
The death that thou hast courted, now abides thee:
Come, try the rough embrace.

TITUS.

Lead on, Ligurian!

I answer to thy lord

[Going.]

CORNELIA.

TITUS, my son!
Break, break my heart, for I can bear no more. [swoons.]

TITUS.

She faints, support her; now let me escape
From her affliction: think of Rome, my father! [Exit.]

[CORNELIA is carried off.]

*The Siege of AQUILEIA.**Manet ÆMILIUS.**ÆMILIUS.*

Of Rome ! aye, and of thee, of thee, my son,
 And of thy brother. O unequall'd pair,
 Your deeds, your destiny have rais'd your fire
 Above the pitch of man. My heart is steel,
 I weep not, nor complain. Relentless fiend,
 Inhuman MAXIMIN ! for thee I live ;
 To bury in thy hated breast my sword,
 Then die upon the blow.

*Enter LUCIUS.**LUCIUS.*

Thy faithful slave,
 Uncall'd, intrudes upon his master's woe.
 Resign not to despair thy noble mind,
 Still there is hope.

ÆMILIUS.

Affectionate old man !

Thou speak'st thy earnest wish, but my frail hopes
 Were wreck'd with VARUS.

LUCIUS.

Oft when wisdom fails,
 Chance interposes, and atchieves the deed.
 The British legions, wheeling from their hosts,
 An angry parley with the tyrant hold,
 And every rank re-echoes VARUS' name.

ÆMILIUS.

Immortal gods ! Would I were at their head,
 A single spark may kindle up the flame.

LUCIUS.

My son, devoted to his master's fate,
 Arm'd like a soldier of the tyrant's guard,
 Mix'd with the herald's train.

ÆMILIUS.

O generous youth !

Perhaps——but I have nourish'd hope too much.
 He who divests him of that constancy
 Which stands in expectation of the worst,
 Encounters fortune with a naked breast.
 I will do so no more. Now I go forth,
 Less credulous of what my soul desires,
 But not remiss to seize on swift occasion,

And

And urge it to the utmost. LUCIUS, stay.
And tell CORNELIA — She has no support,
No medicine, but hope — I'll to the gate.

[Exit ÆMILIUS.]

Manet LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

O best of men, I know where thou wilt go,
The first alarm provokes thee to the field,
One fate abides the children, and their fire.
Tyrannic fortune! when thou raigest up
To envy'd eminence the sons of men,
Thou but prepar'st a triumph for thyself,
A second triumph from their grievous fall.
Alike the column, and its ruins, mark
Thy sovereign sway. Now LUCIUS will obey
Thy orders, lord; then hasten to thy side;
The humble shrub shall with the cedar fall.

[CORNELIA *behind the Scene*.]

CORNELIA.

Stand off.

LUCIUS.

CORNELIA's voice; it sounds of woe.

[Enter CORNELIA, followed by her woman.]

CORNELIA.

Stand off, I say, and let me find my husband.
Eit mate for me, for me, whose eyes have seen
The murder of my child.

LUCIUS.

Alas! alas!!

The blow at last hath fall'n.

CORNELIA.

His streaming blood

I saw.

LUCIUS.

His blood! whom has the tyrant spar'd!

CORNELIA.

None, LUCIUS, none. I tarry'd not to see
A second stroke. O lead me to my husband.

LUCIUS.

He guards the gate.

[Sound of trumpets.]

But hark his trumpets sound,
And sound a charge. Lady, my son went forth

To

To rouse the British legions to defend
 Their leader, and thy sons. That sound proclaims
 Tumult and war are up. My lord is there. *[Exit.]*

Manent CORNELIA and attendants.

CORNELIA.

The frantic father rushes to revenge
 His sons, or throw the load of life away:
 The desolate CORNELIA she remains,
 Her children murder'd, and her husband slain.

Enter PRIEST.

Where are thy omens, thy predictions too,
 Thou priest of falshood!

PRIEST.

Know 'twas VARUS fell,
 And not thy son; his fall the signal prov'd
 Of instant battle. With a whirlwind's rage
 His legions rush'd upon the tyrant's guard;
 Thy valiant sons are free, and lead the fight.

CORNELIA.

Can this be truth? Shall I again believe,
 And wake me from the dreadful dream of death
 That had possess'd my soul?

PRIEST.

Matron! thy sons,
 Thy husband too, victorious shall return,
 I saw the bird of Jove his wings extend,
 And hover o'er their battle; still he bears
 Upon his pinions conquest.

CORNELIA.

Say'st thou so!

Then heaven and thou forgive me. Jove supreme!
 If I have ought offended, on my head,
 On mine alone, let all thy wrath descend:
 But spare my sons, and spare their blameless fire.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Lady, rejoice, the tyrant is no more;
 His barbarous cohorts yield.

CORNELIA.

Bless be thy tongue.

But tell me of my sons, and of their father?

LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

With voice and hand they urge the fainting toe,
 Whose courage with their furious leader died.
 Long, like a mound against the raging main,
 Stood MAXIMIN, the bulwark of his host;
 His strength defied the fury of the storm;
 Till to the van resistless TITUS came.
 By TITUS' noble arm the giant fell,
 And o'er him rush'd the war.

CORNELIA.

Not without crush
 And havock round him, such a ruin fell.
 O minister of heaven! why dost thou bend
 Thine eye on empty space, and gaze on air?
 Can'st thou descry the future, or perceive
 Events accomplish'd, tho' unknown?

PRIEST.

'Tis done.

The weary sisters rest. CYLLENIUS—comes,
 Like a bright meteor streaming down the vault
 Of azure heaven; in his right hand the rod,
 And in his left, a laurel dropping blood,
 Behold!

Enter ÆMILIUS attended.

CORNELIA.

My husband! oh! Where hast thou left
 Thy sons? —————

ÆMILIUS.

They come victorious from the field.

CORNELIA.

Why dost thou faintly speak such welcome tidings?
 Thou art not wounded?

ÆMILIUS.

No

CORNELIA.

From whence that cloud
 Which overcasts thy brow? What damps thy joy?
 Tell me, ÆMILIUS! for I read thy soul,
 There divulg'd some cruel evil lies.

ÆMILIUS.

Alas!

CORNELIA.

CORNELIA.

Thou fight'st not thus for VARUS lost.
My sons, thou say'st, draw near; what is the grief
That wrings thy heart?

ÆMILIUS.

O summon to thine aid
What constancy thou hast; soon shalt thou see
What I would not relate.

CORNELIA.

Ha! am I mock'd
With false reports?

What spectacle is this!

[Enter TITUS wounded, and supported by PAULUS and
soldiers.]

Are these the victors! oh my TITUS dies!

TITUS.

I stood the chance of war. Do not bewail
A fate so far above my highest hope
When last we parted. Men are born to die.

CORNELIA.

But not like thee, in youth untimely slain.

TITUS.

This active day has been an age of life.
Rome is deliver'd. Thou hast still a son.
Why mourns my brother o'er a soldier's fall?

PAULUS.

I griev'd not, TITUS! when our lot was equal.

CORNELIA.

There will be wars again to snatch thee too.
Fear not too long a life: the useless live,
The vile, the odious; thy desert is death.

TITUS.

My limbs grow weak, upon the earth I'll rest.
Have I redeem'd my rashness? O my father!

ÆMILIUS.

'Tis scarce a blemish to be brave to rashness.
To thee Rome owes her safety, her existence;
And with her chief deliverers ranks thy name.

TITUS.

I feel my father's praise; now when the hand
Of death comes near my heart.

CORNELIA.

I will be calm.

© let

O let me not disturb his parting soul.
Sustain me, mighty gods!

TITUS.

To sooth her grief,
My PAULUS, be thy care. My last request,
My father, hear. O comfort that good man;
His son before me rushing, in his breast
Receiv'd a javelin, that was aim'd at mine.
Cherish his age.

[Dies.]

ÆMILIUS.

Thou Roman, to the height
Of Roman virtue! to lament for thee,
With common wailings, were a feeble part;
And far beneath the spirit of thy fall;
Unworthy of thy father.

PAULUS.

From this place
Let me persuade my mother to retire.

CORNELIA.

I must behold the dead. Fear not excess,
Nor vehemence from me. Those features wear
A look of triumph. Yes, thy mother's heart,
Amidst her anguish, at that look revives.
The cruel fate thy generous mind embrac'd
Thou hast escap'd, to meet the death thou lov'd'st
In arms, victorious o'er thy prostrate foe.
Now to the place, where I will dwell with grief,
And ever listen to my hero's praise.

[Exit CORNELIA with PAULUS.]

PRIEST.

He fell not till each omen was accomplish'd,
Himself, his brother, and his country free.
No height, beyond the summit where he stood,
On earth remain'd: that he might ne'er descend,
The gods could only grant a death like his.

ÆMILIUS.

Hence to the forum bear the noble corpse;
And let the musick of the legions sound
A warlike symphony, whose strains express
Our mingled state of triumph, and of sorrow.

[Exeunt omnes.]

E P I-

EPILOGUE.

[40]. Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

OUR Author, as I'm told, is not to seek
 In antient Lore ; in Latin, nor in Greek.
 I therefore did advise him, as a friend,
 To make his learning serve some useful end :
 And let me know, what rules he had observ'd,
 What unities of time and place preserv'd.
 He answer'd, Poetry is not an art ;
 'Tis nature only frames the poet's heart :
 Still as he thinks, the scene he feels along,
 And from his bosom bursts the raptur'd song.
 This is the sacred oracle, the shrine
 The bard consults, and here, the tuneful Nine.
 With the same fire, the hearer's soul must glow,
 Else vain to him, the tale of tragick woe.
 There is a temper, which is all and all :
 That sounds responsive to the poet's call.
 Like Memnon's harp, which pour'd harmonious lays,
 When'er its strings were touch'd by Phæbus' rays.
 This temper of the soul is sweet and wild ;
 It sobs, or smiles, as sudden as a child ;
 To woes imagin'd tears unfeign'd gives,
 And in the poet's world of fancy lives.
 Whilst thus he spoke, a bell was heard to ring ;
 He stop'd, and started like a guilty thing ;
 Ere the dread curtain rose, in haste withdrew,
 And at a distance waits his doom from you.

F I N I S.



